and I describe them as I see them at the moment.
Hereafter, perhaps, a comparative view may lead to the truth*

The way poor, fat Laborde lost his life was this: in Robespierre's time, scarcely anything was more criminal than being out late at night and driving in a cabriolet. His son, Auguste, supped with some gay ladies and stayed very late; so about two in the morning he drives away in a gig—is stopped by the first patrol, and asked who he is—"Laborde."—"Quoi, fils du riche?"—"Non, du ferrnier g&ifral."—"Ou est-il, le pfre?"—"A tel endroit."—"Quoi! il n'est-pas mort, avec les autres fermiers g6nfraux ? on nous avoit done trompfs." And the next morning the hell-hounds were despatched, and the father taken to prison, all by his son's dissipation and folly.

Harry's *protige,* M'Grogan, has been to see me, full of gratitude for his kindness, which he has expressed warmly to his friend Barras. He told me he had been to the reception of an ambassador, and heard Barras speak so elegantly! such fine French delivery! I could not help smiling. What a critical ear Mr.

M'Grogan must have!

Lord Malmesbury has a good deal of diplomatic *morgue*, yet seems indolently inclined. He,